

Sammy Davis, Jr.
rather indifferently presents:

LANKHMAR

No. 17 -- 21 January 1971

282-1921; member, NFFWGB Diplomacy Division and IFW Diplomacy Society and Triton Wargaming Society.

O tempora, O mores, O pyuh! This is (yech) LANKHMAR, that invidious little 'zine of postal Diplomacy. This is the stomping-ground (on which some got more stomped than others) of 1970AF (the baffled game), the special and unloved preserve of U.C.S.D. players and their friends. Subs to those silly enough to want it are 10/\$1 (free to players). This is Pandemonium Publication #244, edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; 'phone

AAAAAARGH! On 14 February 1971, a Sunday, the Triton Wargaming Society shamefacedly presents: The St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Time: 12 noon. Place: Formal Lounge, Revello Campus. Event: a Diplomacy game (gasp!). If we have enough players, a game of the Youngstown Variant (which adds China, India, and Japan as Powers). Expected there: Hal Haas, Conrad vonMetzke, Dan Barrows, Larry Peery, Jeff Wolfo, Harry Gullett, Conan LaMotte, Jon Everson, Rick Stephenson, Perry Andrus, Arnold Vagts, Rod Walker. That's maybe 12, which is plenty for the YV. Perry and Arnold may be coming down from Irvine.

1970AF -- TURKEY GETS AUSTRIA'S REAR END; ITALY MOVES TO HELP FRANCE (OR HELP SELF) ENGLAND GIVES FRANCE, GERMANY WHAT-FOR; ENGLAND, ITALY, RUSSIA BLOAT

Fall/Winter 1906: Correction to SO6 moves: ITALY: F Aeg-Bul(sc) /a/ (and F Gre is not /d/ or /a/). TURKEY: A Ser-Gre S by A Bul (and A Ser is /a/).

AUSTRIA (Andrus): A Rum-Sev, A War S RUSSIAN A Mos. Owns: Y/s, War, Rum (2). No change.

ENGLAND (Wolfo): F Hel-Kie S by A Hol & F Den, A Spa H, F Eng-Mid S by F Iri. Owns: Edi, Lpl, Lon, Den, Nwy, Hol, Spa, Kie (8). Build A Lon, F Edi.

FRANCE (Everson): F Lyo-Mar, A Naf-Bre C by F Mid and S by A Gas (F Mid is /d/ /Naf/). Owns: Y/s, Mar, Par, Por, Spa (3). Remove A Naf (1 not built, 1905).

GERMANY (Ridgeway): F Ber-Kie, A Nun-Sil, A Kie-Mun. Owns: Ber, K/s, Mun (2). Remove A Sil.

ITALY (Gullett): F Tyr-Wes, F Apu-Ion, A Alb-Gre, A Bud-Rum, F Gre-Bul(sc) S by A Ser. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, Gro, Bud, Ser (8). Build F Nap, A Ven (1 /a/).

RUSSIA (Stephenson): A Mos S AUSTRIAN A Rum-Sev, A Lva S A Mos, F Pic-Bre. Owns: StP, Moz, Swe, Bel, Bre (5). Build A StP (no room for 2nd unit).

TURKEY (LaMotte): F Eas-Ion, F Smy-Con, A Bul-Gre S by F Aeg, A Ukr-Mos, A Gal-Vie, A Sev-Rum. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Naf, Sev, Sst, Nss, Vie (6). Remove F Con (1 /a/).

SPRING 1907 MOVES are due Thursday, 28 January 1971, not later than 2:00 p.m. Perry Andrus, if he wishes, may request a delay until Monday, 1 February 1971, not later than 2:00 p.m.

The GM apologizes for misprinting the dateline on the last Italian press release as 51 B.C. It was supposed to be 59 B.C. Big deal.

CARTHAGE (49 B.C.): As the Gallic hordes stood outside the city on the Numidian shore, Senator Cato spoke on the evils of our day. Being a stoic, he proclaimed, "All of this world's troubles are far from me now; it's these damn conservative players that bother me. So if my city falls and this oration is my last, I say, may the Tautons invade Spain, may the sword of the Trojan shepherd find a scabbard in the bowels of the Armenians, may all the vines of Gaul rot, may Scythia be burnt by the Macedonians, may Rome be pillaged, may the Danube overflow her banks, and, as my great-granddaddy said, 'Constantinople dolanda est'." Amid applauso, Cato grabbed his broad and a bottle and retired to his...uh, just desserts.

PARIS AND BERLIN: The dark eleventh hour
 Draws on and sees us sold
 To every evil power
 We fought against of old.
 Rebellion, rapine, hate,
 Oppression wrong, and greed;
 Are loose to rule our fate
 By England's act and deed:
 ...Rudyard Kipling
 Hister

WORDS OF NIKOLAI-DEMYOT- FROM

ПРЕОБРАЖЕНІЕ МАТИСКОУЛЫЗЕ (better known as)
 THE RUSSIAN MEGALOPOLIS

THE RUSSIAN HIGH-COMMAND (from downtown Zebotaschkiwitznisistoullyze): We, the R. H-C, concede victory in the winter offensive of 1906, on all fronts. We, the R. H-C, again denounce the actions of the "Rogues" Fleet West, those dirty, orthodox so-and-sos. We, the R. H-C, announce and continue to carry on the war, long and bitter, against the same (cursed by 7 y name).

We, the R. H-C, issue "Unconditional Surrender No": All Asia Minor, the Near East, Upper and Lower Scandinavia, the Arctic Lowlands, and ancient Carthage are annexed into the Russian Megalopolis.

ALL EUROPE CRISPENS: A NEW RUSSIAN ADVICE SERVED.

SCHENKEL IN LONDON: "Poot! Hey, Louis, what'dya think?" Louis dropped the bag of gold coins on the heavy wooden table. "I think that we got a lot to thank 'Pooty' for, heh, heh, heh," he replied as he remembered their exploits recently in France and Germany. Slowly a cracked smile spread across his face....

No. 10 DOWNING ST.: "Damn fine job, Admiral, damn fine!" declared the Minister for Under Affairs. Lord High Admiral Woolly "Fip Fip" Wolfram IV beamed, remembering his recent reinstatement as head of British Armed Forces. "I attribute it all to my fine schooling and military background," replied Woolly, thinking of his dwindling bank account.

LONDON: England declares an armistice with Germany. France is invited to join a League of Nations, of which England is forming the nucleus, starting with France and Germany. London sends regards to the Russian megalopolis, Zebotaschkiwitznisistoullyze, bravely applauding the victories of this hidden fortress nestled between the fir forest and the moss bog. Negotiations with the Russian rogue fleet are so far stalemated--the exact size and shape of the dinghy in which they are to be held cannot be decided upon; also there are reports that the Under Admiral Pimpernickel has left the scene several times, declaring, "If you think I'm going to get in that damn flimsy square-bottomed (BEEP), you're crazy!"

IN THE URALS: "Kill, kill," screamed Hilary Khan as hordes of Mongolians from Khenen, Outer, and Spavined Mongolia, astride their little Mongolian ponies, charged toward the Russian ...uh...ah...er...city(?) of Zebotaschkiwitznisistoullyze (known as Guski, for short). But they were repulsed. Asked why by reporters, Hilary said, "Well, actually, the smell, mostly. Something like an unwashed yak, in scent, after rutting through a field of swamp rot and spoiled eggs...and the defecation. All women, ...I think--it's so hard to tell Russian women from men, what with farts, big noses, whiskers, tobacco stains...." Actually, there is a way. The women are more muscular...

//In GRAUSTARK #229, John Boardman reports that he lives near a real estate agent, Murray & Fitch, and wonders what type of houses they deal in.//

Well, yes, this does seem to be LANKHMAR, the improvident
'zine of postal Diplomacy and lair of 1970AF (the dAft
game), yes, yes, yessssssss.... Anyway, this thing goes
free to the players and at the rate of 10/\$1 to others. This
is Pandemonium Publication #248, edited and published by Rod
Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; 'phone 282-1921; member, NFFFCB
Diplomacy Division, IFW Diplomacy Society, and Triton Wargaming Society.

76/4
1/1

18

28 January
1971

Notice: For the rest of the school year, or at least the quarter, the Triton
Wargamers will meet in Building 2A (Nuir), room 2101. We have the room reserved from
12N to 4pm every Tuesday. Business meetings will be at noon and 1pm on alternate
meeting days.

1970AF -- FRANCO-ITALIAN SPAGHETTI TIES UP IBERIAN B.E.F.; GERMANS ON BRINK?

Spring 1907:

AUSTRIA (Andrus): A Rum-Bud /d//Gal, ob/, A War S RUSSIAN A Mos.

ENGLAND (Wolfo): A Lon-Yor, F Edi-Nrg, A Hol-Ruh, F Den-Bal S by F Kie, A Spa

H S by F Mid, F Iri S F Mid. (A Spa /d//Por, ob/)

FRANCE (Everson): F Mar-Spa(so), F Nat-Mid, A Gas-Par.

GERMANY (Ridgeway): F Ber-Kin, A Mun S ITALIAN A Ven-Tyr.

ITALY (Gullott): A Von-Tyr, F Wes S FRENCH F Mar-Spa(so), F Apu-Ion S by F

Map & F Gre, A Alb-Ser, A Bud-Vio, A Sor-Rum.

RUSSIA (Stephenson): A StP & A Lva S A Mos, A Mos S AUSTRIAN A War, F Bro-Gas.

TURKEY (LoMotto): F Bas-Ion, A Bul-Ser, F Aeg-Gre, A Ukr-Rum S by A Sev, A Vie

-Tyr.

FALL 1907 MOVES are due on Thursday, 4 February 1971.

A Pict Song (R. Kipling)

(Hand Pict by Jon Everson)

We are the little folk--wo!

Too little to love or to hate.

Leave us alone and you'll see

How we can drag down the State.

We are the worm in the wood!

We are the rot at the root!

We are the taint in the blood!

We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing an oak--

Rats gnawing cables in two--

Moths making holes in a cloak--

How they must love what they do!

Yes--and we little folk too,

we are as busy as they--

Working our works out of view--

Watch, and you'll see it some day.

No, indeed! We are not strong,

But we know Peoples that are.

Yes, and we'll guide them along

To smash and destroy you in War!

We shall be slaves just the same?

Yes, we have always been slaves.

But you--you will die of the same,

And then we shall dance on your graves!

ON THE MARCH (55 BCE): Having spent what
seems like three years of exile, I am pre-
pared to launch my strongest assault against
the mythical enemies, the Cassivellaunus. If
I am successful the chances of further polit-
ical intrigue will be lessened. --GJC,
signed this day in the Territory of the
Usipetes.

ROME (54 BCE): Due to our requirements
as a power, we must increase our standing ar-
my by a small percentage, this being auxilia
added to our legions. These are to be also
added to the Danube garrisons as well as the
Latin stock. Due to the uncertainties of
oomitates and allies we are only accepting
those of Eastern stock into the 12 cohorts and
10 Alas of each Legion. This should allow
Liby's defensive policy its fullest possible
scope. Term in service has been shortened to
20 years due to an expected quieting of the
frontier by that time. --counter-signed by
Marcus Cato the Younger, master defender of
Carthage.

BERLIN: England's redent display, be-
traying his sacred word of honour, has not
gone unpunished. His ambassador was cara-
melled, tooth-picked, and thrown into a vat

of hot chocolate by the members of the Reichstag. At least it's his favourite flavour. Kaiser Duncan reminds the Prime Minister that he has assumed the role of MacBeth in gaining power, and that Danquo will finally get the power, or one of his descendants if he gets stabbed. England must mind Marseilles, but is safe until poultry feathers march unto Dunsinane and a dual monarchy retains its duality by remaining no weaker and no stronger than at present. You may be queen of the seas, but the ace and king are not yours and an unprotected queen must fall to one, unless she has ample protection. You have lost mine--and now have just one--maybe.

BARAD HAWLEY: London Bridge is falling down?

LONDON, #10 DOWNING ST.: Lord High Admiral Wooly "Pir-Iip" Wolfram IV has announced a brave new strategy. "It's a secret!" he said. Meanwhile, Louie and George have no more luck with their French assignment--but Wooly still thought of his bank account (especially so when George said, "...and those French broads off!! Ouch! What'dya do that for, Louie?") So much for the diplomacy of royalty.

BARAD HAWLEY: Gee, Louie, how'dya spell 'incomprehensible'?"

LIVERPOOL: "Let them frogs come if they will. We may not last for now, but once an Englishman, always an Englishman!" With that the Mayor proceeded to board the train for London with all the women (and children, too). This is a surprise move--with all the wine and women gone the French will not be able to use this supply center. Only the men will remain. Um...then again, not knowing the nature of the frogs, maybe the men should go too....

BARAD HAWLEY: Yeah, maybe they're Greek frogs. Brekokkek co-ax, co-ax.

LONDON: Talks with the Russian rogue fleet have been suspended on the recommendation of Pimpernickle, who muttered something about "stupid name-changing"....

LONDON: A report intercepted here indicates the Russian strategy seems to be based on fierce Russian lemmings. We feel a more apt remark is, "sour Russian lemons".

SPAIN: To the scum of the earth: namely, you, oh pagan Popel! May the ire of all creation fall upon your armies and may all the beer in the world (mostly in Munich with the Kaiser) drown your fleets and may the fleas of a thousand camels find their homes under your axpits! Cursed by the one who treads upon Merlin-protected England!

KIEL: No can hear the Kaiser mumbling through the egg in his face into his beer, "I will send you all to see Russian Front!" Sounds familiar.

ZEBOTASZCKIWITZNISWISIOULYZE: The dreaded Austro-Turkish Paranoia is sweeping Russia; thus, the Imperial Bear will support himself seven ways to Tuesday, to the despair of my immediate enemies and delight of my future adversaries. With this pause for realignment, the Russian counter-offensive will explode like a tide of rabid lemmings (for no other member of the genus of carnivore is so noted for his tenacity of advance).

BARAD HAWLEY: Except the Diplomacy player, of course.

ZEBOTASONTHEWELWITHIT (20 June 1907)(Butler Pross): Hordes of screaming Mongols sacked, burned, ravaged, and obliterated the new Russian capital today. When asked about this by reporters, Hilary Khan shrugged and replied, "Well, you can't blame my boys for wanting to have a little fun, can you?" Thereafter, Hilary had reporters help him sow salt on the still-smoking ruins, while he hummed "Londonderry Air" (or was it "London Derricore"?). Then, leaping aboard Toadfoot, his trusty Mongolian pony (which nearly collapsed under the weight), Hilary waved his bloody scimitar and screamed, "On to Rome!"

Abandon hope all ye who enter here, for this is LANKHEMAR, the improbable little 'zine of postal Diplomacy and other nastiness. Our most obvious nasty is 1970AF (the GRAFT Game). Anyhoo, this thing is given free to players (part of the penance they have to pay) and is 10/\$1 to all others. This is Pandemonium Publication #254, edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd.; telephone 282-1921; member, NFFCB Diplomacy Division, IFW Diplomacy Society, & Triton Wargamers (yea!)

KMR 19
4 February 1971

NOTA BENE: The Triton Wargamers meet next Tuesday, 1:00, in 2101 2A. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre is on. Bring your wargames. We're going to have an overflow crowd for the Dippy game (Youngstown Variant, for sure), so bring other games to play, play-test, fool around with, or whatnot.

1970AF -- LEADERLESS AUSTRIANS WILL AROUND AND SURVIVE (gee)

Fall/Winter 1907: If Perry Andrus' moves arrive, and are postmarked 3 Feb or earlier, they will be accepted. Pray, Perry, that you didn't mail them...

AUSTRIA (Andrus): A Rum (R)-/a/. NMR. A War /h/. Ows: War, ~~Exp~~ (1). HC.

ENGLAND (Wolfe): A Spa(R)-Por. A Yor-Ipl, F Nrg-Wth, A Ruh-Bur, F Kie H S by F Bal, F Mid-Spa(sc) S by A Por, F Iri-Mid. Ows: Edi, Ipl, Lon, Den, Ewy, Hol, Spa, Kie, Por (9). Build F Lon.

FRANCE (Everson): F Spa(sc) & F NAT S ITALIAN F Wes-Mid (F Spa(sc)/d//Mar), A Par S ITALIAN F Mid-Bro (nso). Ows: Mar, Par, ~~Fxx~~ (2). Remove F Mar.

GERMANY (Ridgeway): A Hun-Kie S by F Ber. Ows: Bor, Mun (2). No change.

ITALY (Gullett): A Tyr-Vio S by A Bud, F Wes-Mid, F Ion-Aeg, F Nap-Tyr, F Gre-Bul(sc) /d//Alb/, A Alb-Tri, A Ser S AUSTRIAN A Gal-Rum (nso). Ows: Nap, Rom, Von, Tun, Tri, ~~Gxx~~, Bud, Ser, Vio (8). No change.

RUSSIA (Stephenson): A StP-Lva, A Lva-Fru, A Mos-War, F Gas-Bre. Ows: StP, Mos, Swe, Bel, Bre (6). Build A StP (1 not built, 1906).

TURKEY (LeMotte): F Eas-Aeg, F Aeg-Gre S by A Bul, A Rum MS A Sev, A Vio-Bud /d//Gal/, Ows: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Sev, ~~Fxx~~, Gre, Rum (7). Build F Smy.

SPRING 1908 MOVES are due by 2:00pm, Thursday, 11 February 1971. Publication may be delayed a day or two (i.e., until Monday), since ERENNON is scheduled out that same day.

ROME: In our attempt to follow Livy's teachings, we have decided to extend the Pax Romana to the peoples of Nither and Farther Spain and the Isle of Britannia. As always, we must first quell all disturbances before we can grant Pax, so we hereby declare our intentions to follow Claudius' policy and claim London as our provisional /*or is that provincial, Harry?*/ capital. ...Septimus ### "Hail, Italia, Italia rules the Mid" (sung to the tune of "Hail Britannia") is to be our western battle cry. ...Agrippa of Actium ### We welcome all central powers to our glorious crusade to free England from the clutches of Protestantism. ...Pope Julius II ### As Gaius J. Caesar stepped to the rostrum at the Forum, the crowds shouted, "When will you make an end?" and the Praetorians answered, "When we've 18." With that, Caesar raised his hands and proclaimed, "Make it 19!" At that, the crowd applauded and went to join the Army for the Liberation of Barbarian Territories.

LONDON, #10 DOWNING ST.: Lord High Admiral Wooly "Pip Pip" Wolfram IV has announced that the planned surrender of Spain could no longer be deemed feasible when viewed in light of the already strong Italian position. "Builds will be builds, as I always say, and we wouldn't want to inflate the Italian ego by too many of them, heh?" said Wooly. "Ahem...jolly good show, George."

LONDON: Under-Admiral Pimpernickel declared that the Russian fleet had best make up its mind, or dire consequences would follow. This time he set out for Brest in the prow of his own dinghy, but it sank as it left the dock. Pimpernickel fell overboard as he was still shrieking, "If I see one more Russian, I'll feed him to the Italians!" After that they still couldn't pull him out of the mud....

WARTIME ENGLAND: Lord High Admiral Wolfram paced the study in deep thought. They had received word from the Italians that all was well, but something appeared wrong with the Russian treaty. He couldn't quite place it. Germany was still fighting, though the British 1st and 3rd Fleets (Northern Command) held them at stalemate. But the French--the people were becoming panicky. Perhaps he should send an army south to quell the threat quickly. Well, we must try at the same time to eliminate them ourselves--the Italians are OK, but we must have confidence that France will cease to be a threat.

LONDON (Butler Press) (25 December 1907): And Merlin stretched forth his hand holding the Rod of Power, and he blest the waters of the Thames, saying, "Let there be a fleet!" And there was a fleet, and Merlin saw it, that it was exceeding good. And he turned his face upon the multitude, saying, "Happy Fourth of July!" And they stoned him.

MOSCOW: To prove Russian superiority to the world, a plan of rebuilding and national uplifting has been declared, known as the Five Year Hop.

Russia declares unceasing carnage against the squatters of Warsaw. Russia agrees to support Turkey in the battle of the Balkans against the bearded Italian dwarves. Russia agrees to support Italy in the battle of the Balkans against the bowlegged Turkish pirates.

Russia announces the death of Hilary Khan. As 500 eye-witnesses testify, he was stabbed, strangled, poisoned, trampled, drowned, hacked, hanged, guillotined, flayed, beheaded, drawn and quartered, keel-hauled, shrunk, pierced, slit, cut, and cremated. The remains filled 24 mule-drawn dung wagons, which were carted off to the nearest bog.

Russia rebuilds her desecrated capital and names it Son-of-Zebotasetcetcetc, and decrees all of Hilary Khan's slimy brood to be thrice horned and John Birchers.

MOSCOW (Butler Press) (31 December 1907): "You're dam' right," said Hilary Khan, as he rode through the smoking ruins of the former Russian capital and spoke with reporters. "All my sons are members of the John Birch Society, and they're pretty horny, too. But," he added, "rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated."

"Well," asked one reporter, "what about the 500 witnesses?" "Oh, them. That's easy." The 500 witnesses proved to be all (a) blind and (b) suddenly rich. That is, if you can call holding several counterfeit 1000-ruble notes "being rich". "Oh, that's all right, actually," noted Hilary. "All money in Russia, even currency printed by the government, is counterfeit. Now, this stuff is government queer. You can tell because the Tsar's head is on upside-down." "But his head looks right-side up," protested another reporter. Hilary replied, "That's all you know. His head really is upside-down, so making it look rightside-up is wrong, don'tcha know." After a brief silence, he added, "And, of course, the whole thing is non-functional. The only part that works is attached by telegraph wire to the English embassy."

Musing on his heroic exploits, Hilary went on, "You know, I intended to apologize for burning old Zebotasetcetcetc. We thought it was a Turkish town, because all the funny little buildings in town had crescents on their doors.

But nobody got hurt, actually, because the people didn't live in the little buildings. Oh, now they lived in the cellars. Anyway, the rebuilding project is supposed to be coming along nicely. Yessir, the entire project is being handled by the Tsar's Privy Council."

Why, yes, this does seem to be LANKHEMAR, that intolerable little 'zine of postal Diplomacy and other perversities. Our X-rated feature today is 1970AF (the MAFt and blade game). The players are obliged (on pain of death) to receive this free; all others must pay cash (\$1 for 10 issues). Yech. This is Pandemonium Publication #259, edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; telephone 282-1921; member, NFFFGDD, LFWD, and TWS.

LANKHEMAR #20
12
Feb.
1971

...was born in
a little log cabin

1970AF --- KALNAR DING-DONG CONTINUES AS ENGLAND QUIETLY MOVES IN FOR THE KILL

Spring 1908: One slight error last time. The total reflected for Russian centers is a typo, should read "5", not "6".

AUSTRIA (Poery): A War-Ukr.

ENGLAND (Wolfe): F Lon-Eng S by F Nth, A Ipl-Yor, A Bur-Mar, F Kic H S by F Bal, F Spa(sc) & F Iri S RUSSIAN F Bro-Mid, A Por S F Spa(sc).

FRANCE (Eversen): A Por S GERMANY A Mun (imp), F Nat-Wrg.

GERMANY (Ridgeway): A Mun-Kic S by F Ber.

ITALY (Gallott): A Vic S A Bud, F Kid-WAF, F Tyr S F Ion, A Tri-Ser S by A Bud, A Ser-Gro S by F Ion & F Alb.

RUSSIA (Stephenson): A StP-Lvo, A Lvo-Mar, A Pru-Sil, A Moc S AUSTRIAN A War-Ukr, F Bro-Mid.

TURKEY (LaHotta): F Sny-Con, F Gro-Lon S by F Eac (F Gro /d//Aog, ob/), A Rum-Ser S by A Bul, A Ser-Run, A Gal-Bud.

FALL 1908 MOVES are due on Thursday, 18 February 1971--unless Perry doesn't make it to the Massacre, in which case the deadline is Tuesday, 23 February 1971--or unless I get a complete set of moves on the 14th or 15th, in which case I will adjudicate, take adjustments, and set a Spring 1909 deadline for Tuesday the 23rd.

NEW GAME -- I have decided to start a new game within the next few weeks. It will appear in a new 'zine, QUARMALL. It will progress at the rate of one game-year per week. Moves will be due: Spring, 1:00 Tuesday (at the TWS meeting); Fall, 12:00 noon Thursday; Winter, 1:00 Thursday. The game fee will be a flat \$1.00. Countries will be assigned on the basis of preference lists. With you fee, give me a list of the 7 Great Powers in order of preference--however, any countries you have already played in UCSD games must be placed in the last position(s) on that list.

PERRY ANDRUS was getting started with a nice little 'zine, RENEGADE DIPLOMACY, when his players dumped the game. Maybe Perry has the publishing bug, maybe not. If he does, why doesn't he run a game for us? He could get 7 San Diego players and print the 'zine in Irvine, using 7- or 10-day deadlines (since we can all negotiate by telephone). He could charge a fee to cover paper and other expenses (say, \$1.50) and then charge us a stamp per issue. If Perry wants to run such a game, I hereby volunteer to join it (OK, guys, here's your chance...).

MOSCOW: The Moscow Branch of the World Health Organization announces that a contagious plague of pandemic proportions exists. The carrier of the plague has been identified as the H. Khan Vector. As the plague is known as the "Tween-Toe Creeping Crud", it must be burned on sight. A reward of 14,297 $\frac{1}{2}$ rubles and two weeks in beautiful Blastokvonitisktlankowitz is offered for his (Hilary Khan's) demise. But you must hurry as there are already 397 claimants in line for the prize. If Hilary Khan turns in the Vector, the reward will be doubled.

BLASTOKVONITISKTLANKOWITZ: Standing amid the burning shambles of the shacks and hovels which once comprised this beautiful (?) town (???), Hilary Khan stated, "That's Hilary Khan, Victor, Tsar-baby!"

FLASH-- I. Russia apologizes to the world and to Austria for the cowardly and ill-timed /"that's an understatement!" / attack. II. Russia, to show good faith and a desire to further world peace, declares staunch support for the poor but virtuous Austrians, and would they get the hell out of Warsaw! III. Russia, able to

fight only three enemies at a time, declares paper war on Austria, Germany, and France, and would the others please form a line, in alphabetical order, and wait your turn?

LONDON: (Drumroll) The Queen stood up. Lord High Admiral Wolfram stood straighter. "For courage and valor in the service of your country, We award you the Victoria Cross. For your success in capturing for Us the Spanish mainland, We hereby promote you to 'High Lord of the Admiralty'." Woolly just sorta stood there....

#10 DOWNING ST: We hereby pledge our unceasing support to the Russians in their brave fight against that murderous band of zombies, who are led by the cowardly write-weathered rogue, Hilary Khan. We are offering 1500 Pounds reward for his capture, dead or alive (but he probably won't be, owing to a certain fanatical GM).

LONDON: "We hereby declare the slanderous Butler Press to be illegal and unlawful in this country and pay of its doings," said the Queen. /*Including Russia?*/ When asked why by reporters, Her Majesty replied, "The Butler Press (backed by the infamous Pole Runner) is not factual, totally exaggerates, and refuses to print the truth! Besides, it is biased and we shall not have that in Our country!" England is noted for accepting Blacks, Whites, Greens, and even Light Blues into her domains.

BIRMINGHAM (12 May 1908)(Butler Press): A flying saucer has just landed here and discharged (literally) 50,000 Odiferous Green Jovian Sline-Funk Hoxies, all of whom are applying for citizenship. Each one bears a passport signed by "Hilary Khan, Victor".

YORK (3 June 1908)(Butler Press): This famous city is today a heap of smoking, slag-strewn ruins. Three days ago, the walls were suddenly closely invested by a mighty army of Picts, Erythones, Gacks, Cornishmen, Welsh, Scots, Mercians, Vikings, and other nice people. The defenders were surprised to learn that the army was led by none other than Hilary Khan, who had arrived in England from Russia via sealed railway train. As the siege began, Hilary stood before the gates and shouted his traditional offer of mercy: "Surrender now, and I personally will rape every maiden in the city!" The York Fifth Column, all women, then quickly overthrew the defenders and destroyed the town. Now, three days later, Hilary is on the verge of completing his promised reward, and the army will march on London (where it is rumored the Queen eagerly awaits Hilary's offer of mercy).

ROME: Hilary Khan, the hero of the Italian people for his vengeance on the backstabbing Russians, is declared Vice-Pope Spurious Agony, with power to convert all Khazars to Catholicism by an Edict of Grace.

ROME: We hereby declare our love of England and our eternal support against the French neugee.--General Agrippa, new Ruler of Italy.

MUNICH: "What a way to go--a bone of contention between England and Russia." This famous quote is from the Kaiser. Apparently the siege of Berlin has started. We have no way of knowing what is going on since all communications are now defunct. However, eye-witnesses to the barbarism of the enemy have given their statements. Here are just a few: "All those Goddam ships...", "All those red-faced Russians...", "We were mowed down like grass". Obviously the cruelty goes much deeper and is becoming more widespread. Outnumbered, tired, sleepy, hungry, thirsty, we fight on under the personal leadership of the Kaiser. Refugees are littering the streets. The Kaiser, observing this, imposed forced military duty on those guilty of littering. The Kaiser also issued this one, last, desperate plea: "Is there anyone who will stand by and see this barbarism go on? Is there no one who will help us? If I get out of this alive, the persons responsible will pay. If I don't, will someone please tell me now, who the hell is Lord High Admiral Woolly 'Pip Pip' Wolfram IV?"

SAN DIEGO (Butler Press): Ah, well, that is a story which, in this, a family magazine, we dare not print....

What this is, is LANKHAR, it is. Yes, friends, none other than that pre-verted (as we say in the Middle West) little 'zine of postal Diplomacy; in this present instance, game 1970AF (the TAPTY Game). The players are expected to get a copy of this; all others have to subscribe (10/\$1). This indecency is Pandemonium Publication #263, edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego CA 92116; telephone 282-1921; member, NFFCBDD, IFWDS, TWS.

1970AF -- DING-DONG, TWO ARMIES DEAD (AND ONE COUNTRY, TOO)!

Fall 1908: Now that Perry Andrus is out, we will proceed at a faster pace. Beware!

AUSTRIA (Andrus): A Ukr-Sex. Ows: 1/2 (0). OUT.

ENGLAND (Wolfe): F Wth-Nwy, A Ycr-Edi, F Iri-Nat, A Por-Bro S by F Eng, F Spa(sc)-Mar, A Mar-Bur, F Bal & F Kie S RUS-SIAN A Sil-Ber (F Kio /d//Hol/). Ows: Edi, lpl, Lon, Den, Nwy, 21 Feb. '71
Hol, Spa, 1/2, Por, Bro, Mar (10). B F Lon.

FRANCE (Everson): F Nrg-Nwy, A Par H. Ows: 1/2, Par (1). E A Par.

GERMANY (Ridgway): F Ber-Kio S by A Mun. Ows: 1/2, Kie, Mun (2). No change.

ITALY (Gullett): A Tri-Ser S by A Bud, A Vie S A Bud, F Alb S A Gre, A Gre S A Tri-Ser /c/, F Ion-Aog, F NAF-Tun, F Tyr S F Ion (otm). Ows: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, Tri, Bud, Ser, Vio (8). Build A Ven (1/a/).

RUSSIA (Stephenson): F Mid C ENGLISH A Por-Bre, A Sil-Ber, A Iva-Pru S by A War, A Mos-Sex. Ows: Mos, StP, War, Sue, Bel, 1/2 (5). No change.

TURKEY (LaMotte): F Eas-Ion, F Aog-Gro S by A Bul, F Con-Aog, A Ser-Alb /a/, A Rum-Sex, A Gal-Vic. Ows: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Sov, Gre, Rum (7). B A Ank (1/a/).

SPRING 1909 MOVES are due Thursday, 25 February 1971 at 1:00 p.m.

MOSCOW: Due to the unstable nature of European political conditions, Tsarist Russia revokes the "October Manifesto" and declares the formation of an enlightened despotism, embracing the Russian hegemony with "white par".

WARSAW: The Tsar, in one of his moods of repentance and morbid atonement (which alternates with wild revolry), sadly gives Austria a big, red St.Valentine's Day gift, DEATH. Long live Austria.

Flash: Tsarist peace-keepers raided the hovel of that ingrate organization, The Red Butterflies, and uncovered two items: (1) The "Butterflies" are members of the G.L.F.; (2) the Vice-Porvort of Requirment is Hilary Khan. /*Wais, ooi!*/

BIRMINGHAM: Citizenship has been granted to 40,000 Jovian Sline-Funk Noxies, and the Queen has named them official ambassadors to Hilary Khan and sent them to Hula Bator, odiferousnoes and all. The remaining 10,000 were shipped to every world capital under the "Noxie-to-a-Friend" Program.

HULA BATOR: The 40,000 Noxies were given a welcome befitting a British ambassador. They were thrown into the ovens at Auschwitz Bator. That leaves 10,000 Noxies, right? Wrong. There are, of course, the 130,000,000 Noxies that were spawned by the original 50,000 while they were in England. And, of course, they're spawning, too, and

HULA BATOR (via London): High Lord of the Admiralty Wooly "Pip Pip" Wolfram IV led a landing party into the streets of downtown Hula Bator, with the intention of burning it to the ground. Only upon arriving did he decide that (1) burning would be too good, and (2) the mud and slime wouldn't burn anyway. Upon leaving, Wooly said, "We've had a long trok, men, and frankly it wasn't worth it!"

HULA BATOR: Mandrake Khan, Vice Glorious Leader of Inner, Outer, and Spavined Mongolia, showing reporters around the magnificent yak-hide tents, pavillions, and yurts of the capital, was asked how he had made Wolfram and the rest of the vapid, cretinous Limey invaders think Hula Bator was a collection of mud huts. "Oh," replied Mandrake Khan, gesturing hypnotically, "it was easy...".

/*More next time; I have to cut this one short*/

